THE AWAKENING OF CHINA

A BELGIAN DIPLOMATIST'S STORY OF A FISIT TO PEKIN.

The Locomotive's Conquest of Chinese Graves-Never-Ending War of the Diplo-matists-An Audience with the Tsungli-Yamen-New Era Opening for China.

Count d'Ursel was sent by the King of the Belgians on a special mission to the court of Pekin, and he has told the story of his mission and negotiations in the last number of the Révue des Deux Mondes. Leaving Brussels intApril, 1808, he travelled to Tien-Tsin by way of Marseilles and the Suez Canal. He describes the rest of his journey as follows:

Four hours of railway travel brought me to the gates of Pekin. The road traverses a momotonous country intersected by sluggish, muddy streams. Graves are scattered everywhere on both sides of the line, and all alike are small mounds of earth. Yet such hillocks have completely stopped the building of railroads in China, for it was sacrilege to disturb the bones of any one's ancestors. To-day this prejudice seems to have been overcome, and the line which connects Pekin with the sea has just been finished. The roadbed avoided sepulchres wherever possible, and when this was out of the question two arguments, money and force, were used, which being effective, the Chinese gradually became accustomed to the use of this invention of the barbarians. Now they crowd all the trains in such numbers that the railroad can hardly accommodate the traffic offered. The railway question in China seems to be settled forever, and within ten years the empire will be gridironed with them. This moral victory of modern civilization will undoubtedly be the great factor in China's approaching evolution.

As we passed them I noticed the peculiar sostume of the stationmasters along the line. who wore large straw hats with brims lined with blue and tied under their chins by knotted blue ribbons. These men wore white or blue tunies and looked like girls going to a pienie. Our train stopped in an open field, where

me one dcubtless shouted in Chinese: kin! All out!" I looked around in vain for a station, but saw only its foundations, just laid. and beyond them a line of carts and palan quins behind a light fence. A man in an enormous straw hat, shaped like an eyeshade, and wearing a blue robe and an enormous red waistcoat, stepped up and gave me a message from our Belgian Minister. I found that the messenger was a majou, an outrider sent to clear the way for my palanquin, which was waiting for me. I got in and four bearers carried me off at a very good page, four others following as relays, and all marking the cadence of their step by low guttural cries. A our brought us to the walls of Pekin, whose height and breadth are imposing. On the further side of a vast double gate we passed down a street, running between two lines of shops whose awnings almost met in the centre of a roadway alive with traffic and crowded with persons going to and fro, to another gate in the old Tartar city wall, and through this entered the heart of the yellow empire.

Here the sidewalks were sometimes six feet higher than the roadways, which were huge

diches, worn by the traffic of centuries. In other places the roadways, which were huge ditches, worn by the traffic of centuries. In other places the roadway was six feet higher than the sidewalks. The filth was everywhere indescribable and the dust suffocating.

My bearers trotted steadily along, my mafou meanwhile cursing the passers who did not quickly get out of the way, until I caught sight of our Beigian flag. My feeling of disgust with my surroundings was soon dissipated when we turned through along and vases set among frees and gravelled paths. Our legation is an old Chinese mansion adapted to European requirements. A wide central hall, on a level with the ground, runs through it and is made beautiful with curios, tiger skins, porcelains, embroideries, bronzes and metal work. Here and there an engraving or picture relieves the surfeit of Far Eastern adornment. The apartment reserved for me had been made homelike by pretty knick-knacks for personal use and comfort. After a bath, the traditional whiskey and soda and friendly greetings I soon forsot the discomforts and weariness of my long voyage.

Affe in Fekin is hardly a substitute for a

whiskey and soda and friendly greetings I soon forgot the discomforts and weariness of my long voyage.

Life in Fekin is hardly a substitute for a willigiatura. The summer months of July and August when passed there are especially disagreeable. The extreme heat, sometimes reaching 104° F., 7 is then followed by rains and unhealthy missman. The Diplomatic Corps susually spend this season of the year among the hills at some distance from the city or at the seaside near Tien-Tsin; but this year our duties were such as to compel all to remain in the Chinese capital, for it would not do for any one of us to be distanced in the race we were running to impress upon the Tsung-li-Yamen the necessity of yielding to our influence or accepting our offers of protection. Let the reader imagine, if he can, the state of nervous tension which must, under such eircumstances, harass an isolated group of diplomatists stationed at the end of the earth, whose duty it is to protect and preserve to the uttermost of their ability those delicate interests and agreements whose slightest injury would involve incalculable consequences.

whose duty it is to protect and preserve to the uttermost of their ability those delicate intersts and agreements whose slightest injury would involve incalculable consequences. These diplomatists form the entire European colony of Pekin, for no other foreigners, save a few missionaries and Sisters of Charity, are tolerated there. The ordinary currents of cirilized existence do not touch these shores and European newspapers and periodicals are six weeks old before they can reach Yekin. The Pekin Gazette is published on the spot, but it is the official organ of the Chinese Government and is composed of a few small pages of printed matter, varying in size, and never contains anything except imperial decrees or proclamations. All the Diplomatic Corps are confined to their housesor gardens during the day buelly occupied with the current work of their legations, or following instructions sent to them by telegraph at eight francs a word.

The men who in this far-away land chambion the cause of their several fatherlands are exceedingly interesting entities. Some who are as supple as slik handle the Chinese with marvellous touch; others, as hard as the precious inde, of the country, conjure with the phantoms of regiments and swift gunboats and bullyor thresten. The Chinese, bewildered by this exhibition of cunning or intimidation, promise and fall to keep their agreements; concede and withdraw their concessions, and finally learn that if Western nations are to be feared, they are never united or unanimous. The children of the sun therefore naturally coaclude that their best policy is to sow dissension among their adversaries and they have thus far amply succeeded in so doing.

It required six weeks to bring the negotinations with which I was charged to a favorable conclusion. An audience with the Tsing-li-Yamen is one of the most pleuresque of diplomatic happenings. The College of Ministers sends a communication, on beautiful vermision paper, notifying your several days in advance that a conference will be held with yo

carried our visiting cards of vermillion colored papers a foot square bearing our names and titles in large script; another preceded us by several hundred yards to announce us.

We left our chairs at the entrance to the Great Council Hall and were shown into a large room opening on a garden. A great table, coorsed with a red cloth and surrounded by chairs of respectable size and European style, occupied the centre of the chamber; its walls hore inscriptions in Chinese and Chinese walls hore inscriptions in Chinese and Chinese.

style, occupied the centre of the chamber; its walls bore inscriptions in Chinese, and Chinese lanterns hung from the ceiling. Some very ordinary porcelain vases in wooden supports stood in the corners.

Here the Chinese Secretaries "chin-chinned" by shaking hands with themselves, and their Excellencies of the Council exchanged polite greetings with us, and, before proceeding to business, asked many questions which seemed queer to Europeans, but are made obligatory by Chinese custom. I was asked whether I was yery rich, what my pay was and how old I might be!

I tried to bring up the matter of my official business as soon as possible, and by so doing committed a breachof effuence it heins the

I tried to bring up the matter of my official business as soon as rossible, and by so doing committed a breach of etiquette, it being the official custom to devote the first audience to the exchange of inantites. Our conversation went on slowly and haltingly, for werr word had to be repeated by interpreters. I smoked so occasional cigaretic during the proceedings of the exception of the exception of the exception of the exception of the expected for the exception of the excepti

rellow dresses. A coulation was apread on the table where our treats had just been ratified. The refreshments consisted if watermeion seeds, of small conneases, and of dimities, which having a medicinal flavor, were not appetizing. Although the Chinese had rice wine held the place of honor among the beverage-served, our cosmopolitan champagne was not forgotten.

served, our cosmopolitan champagne was not forgotten.

When I left Pekin last August we Europeans were safe from any personal molestation, and I went about the streets of the city without being insulted by word or look. Since then

the state of affairs has changed so greatly that it has been necessary to bring foreign soldiers and marines into the city to protect the various legations. But the necessity for this protection has unquestionably, been taken advantage of by the foreign diplomatic agents to intimidate the Government, for the moral effect of a handful of disciplined, well-armed and determined foreigners in the capital of the Chinese Empire is very nearly unlimited.

I think that the tragedies which the press has reported as having occurred in the imperial palace have been grossly exaggerated. The Emperor is a weaking and the Empress Hegent is a woman of brains and great resolution. When she resigned the reins of government to place them in the hands of her nephew, who is also her adopted son, she reserved her rights as head of the imperial family, rights which she has since thought fit to resume because the advisers of the Emperor took advantage of his weaknesses to unwisely force upon him a rolley of limitless reforms and experiments. Then the Empress, whose authority in the hierarchy of her own family is legally supreme, for the family is the corneratone of the Chinese social edifice, resumed the conduct of government in order to save the dynastry, which was endangered. This explains the fact that during a recent audience the Empress occupied the throne while the Empress the has been constrained by the presents of some particular European power to modify the favor she has shown to Li Hunz Chang; in any case, these are the customary and usual results of the serallo intrigues which continually affect all Governments in the East and Far Fast.

I think that nothing can now stop the progress of the new Jera now opening for China. The Japanese war brough the rincurable weakness to light, and, willy-billy, she can no longer remain as lethargic as she has been for centuries. The locomotive, whose whistle has at last awaked the echoes of her hills, will conquer; her mines will be opened, manufactories, commerce and a system of banking

RUSSIA'S RELIGIOUS TROUBLES.

Orthodox Disaffection with Present Ad ministrative Methods in the Church.

A movement is going on in Russia that seem to furnish some explanation of the recent expulsion of Doukhobors, and of the other measures against dissenting bodies in the empire. In an article in the Petersburg Viedomosti M. Dournovo makes a determined attack, from the ultra-orthodox point of view. on the present position of the Russian Church which, he declares, has been subjugated by the Chief Procurator of the Holy Synod. He says:

"To leave the Church in the hands of the ecclesiastical administration is impossible, for this reason alone, if for no other, that within the Church itself, owing to the inactivity and almost utter impunity of the clergy, who have been turned into officials, and to the abuses of the ecclesiastical consistories-sects like the Stundists, the Shalopouti, the Baptists, and

Stundists, the Shalopouti, the Baptists, and others which never existed before, have sprung up and covered the whole of holy Russin—while the most religious recole, finding no satisfaction for their religious needs with the priest officials, flock to the pastors of the Oid Believers, in whose temples the service is decorous and according to strict ritual, and where the clergy are not estranged from the neople."

For publishing the article the raper, although edited by a person in close personal relations with the Czar, received its second warning.

The writer, however, does not stand alone in protesting against the way in which the Russian Church is governed. The Archbishop of Volhynia has given expression to the opinion that the Chief Procurator "possesses an enormous rower, with which no minister is invested," and even the late Metropolitan of Petersburg, Palladius, at the time presiding prelate of the Holy Synod, complained of the Russian Church "having now less all bower, all significance, and practically no more existing at all."

prelate of the Holy Synod, complained of the Russian Church "having now lest all tower, all significance, and practically no more existing at all."

The Synod, according to M. Dournovo, is composed of creatures of the Chief Procurator, who may send any Bishop of independent character, as has happened several times, from the conclave to his diocese, or even to some distant bishopric like Yaroutsk, without any explanation. Compliant prelates are rewarded with better sees, decorations, or with the titular rank of Archbishop. The results of such conditions have, he says, been most disastrous. The priests have become estranged from their flocks, and in the south of Russia care more for their beet and tobacco fields than about their people's souls. The changes of Bishops are described as too frequent, some dioceses having had as many as fire Bishops in four years; and the majority of them, being widowers and having two or three monasteries under their administration, spend the revenues on their children. Finally, the seclesiastical authority is described as arrogating to itself infallibility, and "the truth about it can only be spoken of in the foreign press. Yet the position of the Russian Church, which is torn by sectarianism and by schism, is such that a man who is sincerely devoted to the holy orthodox faith, to the monarch and to Russia, cannot conscientiously remain silent."

The reforms suggested by M. Dournovo are strongly democratic, yet with an increase of colsoopal authority. He would deprive the dlocesan clergy of what self-government they now possess in the district meetings instituted in the reign of the Emperor Alexander II., and increase the power of the Bishop over them. At the same time he would give the congregations the right of control; that no priest or demons should be elected by the parishioners, the Bishop having the right of eartol; that no priest or denons should be forced on the laity, but that they should be elected by the parishioners, the Bishop having the right of veto.

The boldnessof

When the hitherto loyal and conservative or-thodox Russian displays the same discontent with the government of the national church that the dissenter does and expresses a desire to substitute popular for official control of the clergy, changes cannot be far off, and the official repression of the popular sentiment may only have the effect of burrying them on The expulsion of the Doukhobors, however hard it may have been on the individuals them the Russian people in an unintended way.

MILLIONS OF BRUSHES.

Many Kinds Provided for Many Uses-Som Made to Order.

For household use alone there are many kinds of brushes, such as the dust brush, the floor brush, the crumb brush, the tooth brush, the hat brush, the clothes brush and the hearth brush, but, even with such an assortment to suggest it, one would scarcely realize the very great variety in which brushes are made. The catalogue of a big brushmaking establishment would show brushes in ten thousand varieties, and besides these there are brushes made to order every day.

sand varieties, and besides these there are brushes made to order every day.

In a single line of paint brushes there might be a dozen sizes, and each of them made in ien variations as to weight and quality. There are various kinds of brushes made with the brush part at an angle instead of straight, and various kinds of brushes made with the brush part at an angle instead of being straight across, and some with handle and face both at as angle, as might be the case with some of the brushes made for use in scene painting.

The samples of brushes disclaved in a large brush concern are almost bewildering in their variety, and it would seem as though anybody using brushes could find among them anything that he wanted; but there are, nevertheless, frequently ordered special brushes for individual use, of a special weight or longth, perhaps, or with some special characteristic; such orders coming in greater number from craftsmen from foreign countries accustomed to brushes different from any of the many varieties familiar here. And then there are constantly being ordered brushes of various kinds for particular requirements, to give the most advantageous results in special cases. There are many brushes of one form and another, eviluarical and otherwise, small and large, maile for various uses in manufacturing establishments, and such brushes are often made to order.

Brushes are made not only of bristles, but also of the hair of various ages in manufacturing establishments, and such brushes are often made to order.

Brushes are made not only of bristles, but also of the hair of various kinds of street sweeper's brush is a familiar example, and likewise the great brushes of cylindrical form, such as are used for the warring the little procedence of the kinds of brushes in cylindrical form there are many, the familiar bottle brush being one. Another is the little procedence of this kind are often made to order, for special uses, and of various sizes of brush and length of handle according to the size and procedence of t In a single line of paint brushes there might

HAPPY, LAZY LIFE OF CUBA

OBSERVATIONS OF A SOLDIER IN THE INTERIOR OF THE ISLAND. mall Needs of the Natives-Fertility of the Island-First Wheels on a Royal Road-Tragedy of a Chinese Mendicant-The

Jucaro - Moron Trocha - Brigandage. CIEGO DE AVILA, Cuba, April 6.-My opinions oncerning the conditions prevalent on this sland have changed vastly since viewing a portion of the interior and observing the naives and their manner of living. In all Santa Clara and Puerto Principe provinces widespread starvation no longer exists, if indeed it ever existed. One viewing the countryside superficially, noting its desolate, war-worn aspect, seeing few signs of cultivation, and being as yet not fully acquainted with the habits of the people, would probably be con-vinced that the conditions of life in the country are all but insupportable. To the experienced observer, however, people of the country, living in isolated shacks along the roads and trails—habitations in themselves eloquent of poverty-lack scemingly none of the supports of life. The adults are healthylooking, lazy and invariably underelad, a whole family usually wearing not enough clothing to pad a crutch-as one man has expressed it: while the children roam about in healthy, happy, ignorant nakedness. At least one small patch of tobacco land is invariably under cultivation near the house, even though no other growing thing is apparently receiving atten-tion, for to the average Cuban smoking is as necessary as gambling, and the gambling fever is born in him. Dominoes is his game for a mild relaxation, but a game rooster is his Bible, and fighting the bird is his religion. On a recent trip through Santa Clara prov-

ince we camped every night on the banks of

creeks, swift running and clear as the waters of Vermont; so clear that the limestone beds were easily discernible at the bottom of pools fifteen feet deep. Every pool swarmed with a finny population, numbers of which, venturing too near the surface, fell, or rather floated, victims to bullets from our Krag-Jörgensens, and gave an additional zest to our woodland meals. Our bill of fare was reinforced also by the inhabitants of the one or two forlorn shacks generally to be found near any of the so-called fords, who brought honey, sweet potatoes, squash, &c., grown and picked heaven knows where, but surely in places beyond our finding, to trade for whatever we could best spare from the commissary. One of these trading expeditions have into sight early one morning, coming down the path silently, for none of the party boasted of footwear, not even the diminutive horse at the head of the line that bore the head of the family, the baby and a small load of produce. Close behind the horse and made fast to his tail by a rope of majague fibre trotted dejectedly wolf-like bound. Next came one brown child, then another and another, all naked and holding carefully by each hand a single egg skilfully suspended in a palm fibre network. The mother, dressed in two pieces of cloth and an old sun bonnet, and carrying a load of produce, brought up the rear of the procession, which stopped abreast the cookshack. Here the woman deposited her load upon the ground, and, going up to her husband, took the baby, The patriarch himself dismounted by simply standing on his toes and allowing his equine paradox and the dog to pass from under him, which they did without command. Then he grounded the small and antique field piece, which he habitually carried over his left shoulder, and opened negotiations with the cook. The business over and the goods exchanged. the procession started back over the same road, and I doubt not that, plus the exertion of gathering the stuff, this formed the sum total of the day's work for that family. The patrireh was a piratical looking customer, and on the night of his first appearance in the camp the last act of our cook before shaking the tarantulas out of his blanket and turning in was to warn the guard to keep strict watch over his pots and pans for the night. This was wholly unnecessary, however, as we found later, for, like the majority of Cubans of his class, he was thoroughly honest in his dealing; with us, and did us reoman service on the very day succeeding. Two of our party stopped to admire the beautiful foliage of a tree some distance from the roadside and almost immediately their faces began to swell and pain tremendously. This Cuban happened along and immediately divining the cause of the trouble, applied a salve which speedily caused the pain to cease and, subsequently, the swelling to subside, explaining also to them that the admirable growth, called by the

natives guao, had been the cause of their mis-To illustrate the general shiftlessness of the Cuban character the following will serve: Within five miles of a populous town we could buy sweet potatoes, the finest in the world, at less than a cent a pound, yet, going into the town itself, we found that they sold in open market for 6 cents a pound, and then only in limited quantities. In Santa Clara province is some of the floest land ever seen, where the rich black loam is at least ten feet deep, and may go through to China for all we know to the cor trary, as our probing never reached hardpan. Yet, in all the country between Sancti Spiritus and Ciego de Avila, sixty miles by the Camino Real (Royal road), there is not one town or village-nothing save scattered and lonely habitations and the half-ruined hamlet of Yicotea, ten miles from Ciego. At one camping ground of a night, where the town of San Pelayo, containing 500 souls, stood in 1895, not a thing now marks its site save tradition and a long and narrow trench by the side of the road, said to contain the bodies of 300 Spaniards. Where the one-time in-

habitants are buried history falls to state. The Camino Real is responsible for the loss of a stout Government wagon, the best in our outfit, which succumbed two miles out from Sancti Spiritus, shattering its two front wheels and our Captain's temper at the same time, so that he reported, "Road is out of sight! Send me twenty-five pack mules at once." Nevertheless, in spite of the fact that the road has not been repaired in forty years, the rest of our four-wheelers pulled through triumphantly going where no four-wheeled vehicles had ever before been seen, dividing the excited in terest of the native population only with the mules which drew them, and arriving at Ciego covered with mud and glory. Cow drivers with their herds coming in from the woods whither they had fied through fear of spoliation and freighters driving long strings of horses were sometimes met with. The latter regarded our wagons and mode of conveyance with contempt thinly veiled. Every time we met or passed one of these strings I looked studiously other way, for what would happen should one of the lead horses prove refractory I hardly knew, and I did not wish to be a witness of a parting between the leading horse and his tail. This melancholy accident very rarely occurs, however, as the animals are exceptionally well trained, and the long strings of horses tied to each other's tails move solemnly and decorously along with hardly a jerk to the whole line, so

that a tailless horse is an unusual sight.

In the course of this trip we had with us in several camps a mendicant Chinaman. He was old and feeble, and spoke little Spanish and no English, so that his ordinary mode of exist ence remained a mystery to us. On his first appearance he excited decision and laughter by his plight, but his weak and lonely state called for pity and he was fed and permitted to sleep within camp limits, a boon which he deeply desired. When we arose in the morning he had already gone on, although day had not yet broken, but before nightfall we had overtaken him and he supped again with us and was again permitted to sleep in camp. remained at this place a second night, sending a couple of men shead to purchase necessary provisions. On their return they reported having seen the wretch twice on that day. first occasion was while they were headed away from camp. He was reclining against a tree surrounded by his small belongings, and evidently was deathly ill, being too weak to articulate more than "mucho malo." They gave him water from their canteens and then, be-

ing unable to do more, proceeded on their way. On the return, near the same spot, they no-

ticed four men approaching, carrying a litter. "Say, I'll bet you what you like, that's our Chinese friend," said one of our men. Jack Chambers by name, to the other. And then, with an inspiration, he added, "and I'll be

Shouldn't wonder," returned the other, and they're going to bury him." Sure enough, when the litter was closer they saw upon it the body of the Chinaman, stripped Chambers, dismounting, said in Span-

you be's croaked."

ish to the bearers:
"Well, since it takes four of you fellows to carry fifty pounds of skeleton, it's no wonder you can't grow enough in your infernal island to feed yourselves." They grinned and replied volubly. Mean-

while Chambers had reached the corpse. As he did so he drew back in holy indignation. "Why, you pirates," he exclaimed, "the man's alive." "Si. Seffor." they replied in chorus. "but

we're walking slowly."

True or not, this is the tale told by Chambers's companion, and it is a fact that the China-man died, although he was never buried. Marly next day we passed the spot where, over night, his body had been burned to prevent infection. The logs still smouldered in the hot sunshine, but nothing remained of the unhappy being whose end they had witnessed.

Coming into Ciego de Avila, the principal

town between Sancti Spiritus and Puerto Principe, we passed on the outskirts the barracks of the Fifteenth United States Infantry. adjoining the tracks of the Jucaro-Moron Rall-This read was built two or three years ago by Weyler to provide subsistence for the troops garrisoning the trocha of the same name. The barracks are built solidly of stone and brick, the buildings having once formed the principal Spanish cavalry hospital in this province; and having been thoroughly disinfected and renovated, they provide suitable and healthful accommodations for the American troops. The much-talked-of trocha, pure and simple, is an obstacle 15 feet wide and 3 high, made by loosely stringing barbed wire on two lines of mahogany fenceposts and forming entangling cross-sections by dividing transversely the space between the barriers. It is guarded by blockhouses, firm and enduring structures of brick and wood, admirably constructed in workmanship and for defence, and impregnable except to artillery and, in these latter days, to Cuban vandals, who have already been at work strip-ping them of their tin roofs, lightning rods and all else movable. Five of these people have been called to judgment, having been corralled in the act by a party of Fifteenth Infantrymen who went out for that purpose some nights ago. and they now inhabit Blockhouse No. 34 in the main street of Ciego, where they are guard-

d day and night. The blockhouses are about a third of a mile apart, distant from the trocha only a few feet and from the railroad one hundred, the intervening space forming almost a lawn-like savannah along the entire length of the trocha. broken only at intervals by the barracks and forts where the large bodies of Spaniards were quartered. The whole system of blockhouses, barracks, forts, telephone lines, &c., is astonishing in its magnitude, and speaks volumes in dispraise of the Old World strategy which ordered its construction for such a purpose. One might as well attempt to wall in Apache Indians, whose warlike tactics, indeed, they appear to have copied, as the motley followers of Gomez, who tell with pride of their ex ploits in crossing, en masse, this barrier while

the Spanish sentinels slept—or died.

Mounted on Cuban horses, small as Mexican burros and tireless, yesterday afternoon we rode from Ciego to Jucaro, the southern terminus of the railroad. We found ourselves halted at the edge of the town by an American sentry. The Sergeant of the small detachment there, hearing of depredations committed by a band of guerrillas in the vicinity, had prudently determined to take time by the forelock and had posted as large a guard as was practicable with his small command. The Sergeant guided us to the office of the English Cable Company, where we found a cheery Londoner, whose three years of residence in a

sunny clime had had no effect on his accent.

"Ah." he said on being introduced, "I'd like to shake 'ands, y'know, but it's p'yday, and my fingers are greasy with counting money." On being asked how he had made the time pass in a place where he was the only person

who spoke English, he auswered: "Ow, it wasn't 'arf bad, y'know, especially arfter I 'ad 'nd a few lessons in Spanish. At arfter a bit I got quite clever at it."

He was at Jucaro when the cable was cut

there, and before and after Santiago, when the town swarmed with Spanish soldiers. Just after Santiago some Spanish official sold to every officeholder in the neighborhood contracts which granted them salaries 100 and 200 per cent, in excess of those they were then receiving, intending to impose them on the United States and thus obtain some revenge. The scheme failed, however, especially in the case of the Post Office employees, who, on presentation of these papers to the special agent, found

themselves and their contracts discredited We returned to-day from Jucaro, stopping on the way to inspect several blockhouses, i one of which I found two gold coins, Spanish, dated 1787. They are small and of a lighter yellow in color than any other gold coins I have ever seen, but they are said to contain the finest gold in the world, and I believe they are of a kind with those that Amyas Leigh found on the Spanish galleons in the harbor of Cartagena after his desperate wanderings through

wo volumes of "Westward Ho." Last night a sentry guarding the Cuban prisoners in the blockhouse in the centre of the town was shot by some miscreant who waylaid him as he emerged from a dark and narrow passage on his post. The bullet, a thirty-eight, passed through the hand which held the rifle and embedded itself in the The sentry pursued his assailant, who fled and escaped, nothing having since been heard of him. We have also heard that the same gang guarded against at Jucaro killed two men yesterday in an effort to secure plunder. Although aspirants for highway honors are discouraged just now by the lack of stage coaches and the pervading presence of the American soldier, yet when these last are withdrawn and business once more revives I foresee an era which shall give to Cuba her quota of characters who will have as prototypes Jesse James, Robert Macaire others of that ilk. Already many of the ex-insurgents are fretting under the enforced half civilization of these interior towns and longing for a return to the more congenial life of the woods, free from all restraint, where their passions and appetites may have full yent. To such as these the road is the only thing that offers, for as a rule they have no talents which would insure them success in business or a professional life, and they entertain a severe dislike for a life of drudgery; and it is from this class that such gangs as are at large have been recruited.

HAD A STEWART PAINTING. One That Cost Thousands Now Adorns a

Sixth Avenue Cafe at Reduced Bates. A painting bought at a recent sale at auction this city has appeared in a Sixth avenue café. It is one that was bought by A. T. Stewart for several thousand dollars, and at the Stewart sale was purchased by a more admiring than discriminating collector for a few thousand dollars, only to sell when again

thrown on the market for a fraction of its earlier price. The glamour of the Stewart name is about it yet, and it is labelled as from the Stewart collection. The label is big, and the spectator is at liberty to presume that the big lable, big name, and big picture imply a big price and great art. Few patrons of this cafe are likely to be hurt by such deductions as they may draw. The picture has been treated respectfully in the hanging, a canopy built over it, and a protecting rail in front of it, and it will never fail of being seen for lack of light or

of reflections in mirrors

THE CAPTURE OF ILOILO.

NAVAL OFFICER'S ACCOUNT OF HOL THE TARS TOOK THE CITY.

When the Insurgents Disregarded the Ulti matum the Petrel and Boston Turned Their Guns Loose and the Bluejackets Went Ashore and Took the City Without Walting for the Army, He Says.

Here are some extracts from a letter written by an officer of the U.S. S. Boston late in February. The Boston was then lying at Ilollo, where she had gone with the Petrel to assist Gen. Miller in the capture of that place from the insurgents. The writer says:

We pulled out for Hoilo with orders to cooperate with the army under Gen. Marcus Miller, but to bring on no conflict without further orders. On Thursday word reached us here of the ratification of the treaty by our Senate and orders came to take Ilollo. We lay off the fort 1,000 yards on one side and the Petrel a much shorter distance on the other side. She commanded the streets of the town and both of us with our plotted charts could place Jaro and Molo, the swell Filipino suburbs. Although Miller had been here more than a month he apparently had done nothing. He seemed to know nothing of the disposition ashore save what we told him, and insisted on temporizing-giving them more time. Our 'old man' bucked him all he could, pointed out that delay was mistaken kindness, and only led the insurgents to think that we were afraid of them. Finally, after no end of insistence, Miller said he would send in on Friday afternoon and demand the surrender, the ultimatum providing that they must surrender by Sunday morning and that any increasing of their defences or bringing in more men would be a cause for us to open fire We got instructions to this effect and were told that the same were sent on to the rebel 'C. O

and, we presumed, to the Consuls. "On Saturday morning at 8:30 the Petrel signalled us: 'Enemy throwing up more trenches in our front.' We replied: 'If you are sure this is so, give them a shot.' She fired two three-pounders at 9:30 and soon afterward signalled to us: 'Enemy is firing on us.' At the same time we saw them bring down a field gun to the beach on our side We told the Petrel to crack ahead and we opened fire. We fired two trial shots, and then dropped a 6-inch shell into a house in front of which the insurgents had stationed their fieldpiece. We afterward found out that this house was their headquarters. Five minutes before this shell struck this house, a General on horseback had pranced down and sent his horse into the compound of this house. When our shell dropped we could see him-horseless ust naturally run.

We avoided entirely the foreign houses and onfined our work to the fort, the barracks, the outlying suburbs and the surrounding coun They had threatened, if we landed, to burn the town. Inside of half an hour black petroleum-made smoke could be seen in many directions. By 10:30 their fire was silenced.

"All this time there was no move on the part of the army. The transports were fully a mile and a half further away than the anchorage made necessary, and this despite verbal advice the day before and two signals that it was possible to move further up. Would you believe it, at 10:20, when we had ceased firing, Miller and a dozen of his staff came alongside in a tug and wanted to know why we had been firing? Did we think they ought to land, and did we not think it would be dangerous to land? If we thought they ought to land, please send a steam launch and boats, as his soldiers were so far away.

"During the action our boats had been an chored in the harbor, out of the line of fire, and as the tide runs very hard, it took some little time to round them in. While this was going on, a landing party was called away, and at 10:45 or so seventy men, with a machine gun grub for two days, water and ammunition, were in the boats and away. Niblack was in command, Everhardt and Hough next. We landed on the beach without mishap, scaled the fort, and hauled down the big Filipino flag left flying when the fort was deserted. hoisted the United States ensign at 11:20. As we went on the enemy potted at us from across the river. Our Gatling guns shortly cleared up that tendency. We had only one man hit, and that only a flesh wound. The little doctor had his canteen filled with water and whiskey -a good stiff grog. When we reached the man who had been hit, the doctor gave him a pull first I used to tyke a lesson from one man, and at the canteen. The wound was in the foot, the next person I met 'ud 'ave to eat it, and and while the little doctor was dressing it the man cast loose the canteen and by th ittle doctor looked around he was quaffing the last of it.

"We found many women and children whom we directed to a place of comparative safety, and pushed on uptown as fast as we could. We placed a guard over the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank and took in a few looters. All this took a couple of hours, and a couple of hours were needed to get the first detachment of sol diers ashore. As soon as they came Niblack turned the thing over to them and we returned to the ship. They had the nerve to say they would like to have the Filipino flag from ti fort, and showed us a beautiful ensign marked First American flag holsted in Iloila! Wa nowever, said them nay. We held on to the Filipino colors for Dewcy, and we brought off for our skipper the flag we first hoisted.

We got back to the ship early in the after noon, and, after some chow, Niblack and I, with a steam launch with an armed crew and a onepounder in the bow and a Gatling in the stern. started up the river to find Miller and say we would send the Petrel to Manila to-day with despatches. All our landing before was on one of the beaches. We now went up the very tortuous river. By this time the town side was occupied by our soldiers; the other side was not. As the insurgents were firing now and again and our soldiers all the time, and as the country i quite flat and the river makes two sharp turns, and the blessed rifles carry a mile or two, you can imagine it was warm-sort of a beenive sound, you know. We did not fire much. Now and then we saw a shack from which they were

firing and dropped a one-pounder or so into it.

"We got up to the foreign part of the town and went ashore, where we saw quite a number of people, Filipinos, all with white flags and very respectfut. We saw the bank folks and a Consul or two. The burning was, as it seemed from the ship, deliberately done. The British, German and Swiss consulates, the old United States consulate and two other houses were about the only foreign property destroyed We saw lots of soldiers, but they could tell us little of what was doing. We heard tha

We saw lots of soldiers, but they could tell us little of what was doing. We heard that the General was near the front, and we took the boat and pushed up the river as far as we could. Just before the first bridge, and opposite the Governor-General's house, we had to stop. There was a big flagpole there, fully fifty feet high. We took our boat ensign and one of our jackies shinned up the pole and nailed the flag there.

"While we were here Gen. Miller came by with several of his staff. We pointed out what we were doing and said: These ought to be your headquarters, General.' Neither he nor his staff knew that it was the Governor-General's house. We delivered our message about the Petrel, and the General said he would like to send word to Orls, but had no paper, A staff officer dished out a book and they started to concord a yain right there. They got as far as 'Engagement prematurely brought on by ships. We had to discourage that, pointing out that it was done precisely as per his ultimatum. Then the staff officer said he was going on board the Newport, and would put the thing in share and send it over to the Petrel. Soon afterward we came back to the ship, after a very busy and withal interesting day. All in all, I think the navy did itself proud.

"Of direct evidences of our fire we saw but little, four or five bodies, but the bridge above the Governor-General's house, the only way out of the place, did not have a square foot not spattered with blood."

Potato Bread.

Among the materials used in breadmaking are potatoes. The chief ingredient of potato bread, however, is wheat flour, the percentage of pointoes being relatively small. Potato bread is baked in ordinary forms. If cuts with a smooth surface and is rather fine-grained in texture. The potato keeps the bread soft and moist. It finds favor with a con-siderable number of consumers.

LIKE TO POSE AS PREACHERS.

South Carolina Darkies Fond of Dressis ins if They Were Ministers.

CHARLESTON, S. C., April 21.—Deputy Sheriff Jennings went down to the county jail the other day to release a negro prisoner who had been sent there from the District Court to serve a short sentence for tampering with the serve a short sentence for tampering with the mails. The negro was past middle age and was known as an amateur class lender on Sundays, when he was not in the clutches of the law. When the prison rags were removed the negro donned some old summer clothes, and Mr. Jennings told him to come along and he would set him up to a brand new suit. The negro was happy. He walked along behind the Sheriff to a second-class clothing store.

"Now look over the stock," said Mr. Jennings, "and pick out a suit to your liking."
The negro could not find anything. Finally he called Mr. Jennings aside.

"Boss," said he. "should you hab no objections I would like to hab a minister's suit. I kin put up a better front wid de preacher's weeds, an der can't tell I hab bin in de jug."
He got the minister's garb and went away happ.

He got the minister's garb and went away happy.

The efforts made by many negroes to affect the air and ways of a minister are often amusing. In the Lake City lynching trial last week a witness was called. Johnny Braveboy," cried adeputy, and a small, black, bullet-head negro walked in. His coat was a cross between a cutaway and a frock. On the stand he made his statement of what he know about the lynching, and then he was dismissed by the counsel for the deience on the cross-examination.

tion.
"You are a preacher, aren't you?" asked
Lawyer Legare.
"Sometimes I am, boss," replied the negro.
"Well, aren't you the same preacher who
left the pulpit one Sunday night to fight the
class leader in the amen corner?"
"I am de same, boss."
"Well, didn't the class leader bite off your
fineer."

finger?"
No. boss; I bit off his'n. You know de fight could not be got around. De leader he tried to saw my thum' wid his teeth, but I hab de honor to say to de Court dat I bit off de class leader's finger. No. sir, boss, I did not get a scratch."

The Woman Who Went to Hell. From the London Daily Chronicle. AN IRISH LEGEND.

Young Dermod stood by his mother's side, And he spake right stern and cold: "Now, why do you weep and wall," he said, "And joy from my love withhold? "And why do you keen and cry," said he,
"So loud on my marriage day?
The wedding guests they all cager wait,
Still clad in their rich array.

"The priest is ready with book and stole, And you do this grieve us thing; You keep me back from the altar rail— My bride from her wedding ring."

His mother she rose, and she dried her tears, She took him by his right hand— "The cause," she said, "of my grief and pain Too soon must you understand. "Oh, one and iwenty long years ago
I walked in your father's farm,
I broke a bough from a ripe peach tree,
And carried it on my arm.

"My heart was light as a thistle seed-I had but been wed a year—dreamt of a joy that would soon be mine—A babe in my arms so dear.

"There came to me there a stranger man, And these are the words he spake: 'Now all you carry I fain would buy, I pray you my gold to take.' "And all I carried he then did buy— You lying beneath my heart— I tended to him the ripe fruit bough, He tore the gold branch apart.

"He whispered then in my frightened ear.
The name of the Evil One.
'And this have I bought to-day,' he said—
'The soul of your unborn son. "The fruit you carry, which I did buy, Will ripen before I claim: And when the bells for his wedding ring Again shall you hear my name."

Now Dermod rose from his mother's side, And all loud and long laughed he. He bore her down to the wedding guests, All sorrowful still was she. Now, cry no more, sweet mother," he said,
"For you are a deleful sight,
Now who is there in the banquet hall
Can claim my soul to-night?"

Then one rose up from the wedding throng. But his face no man could see, And he said, "Now hid your dear farewell, For your soul belongs to me."

Young Dermod stood like a stricken man, His mother she awooned away: But his love ran quick to the atranger's side, and to him she this did say:

"If you will let his young soul go free
I will serve you true and well,
For seven long years to be your slave
In the bitterest place of hell." Seven long years, if you be my slave, I will let his soul go free." The stranger drew her tien by the hand, And into the night went he.

Seven long years did she serve him true By the blazing gates of hell, And on every soul that entered in The tears of her sorrow fell. Seven long years did she keep the place, To open the doors accurst. And every soul that her tear-drops knew— It would neither burn nor thirst.

And once she let in her father dear, And once her brother through. Once came a friend she had loved full well, Oh, bitter it was to do!

On the last day of the seven long years. She stood by her master's knee—
"A boon, a boon for the work well done
I pray that you grant to me.

"A boon, a boon, that I carry forth What freasure my atrength can bring." "That you may do," said the Evil One, "And all for a little thing." "All you can carry you may take forth

But took her sail place by the door. Seven long years did she serve him well Until the last day was done. And all the souls that she had let in. They clung to her one by one.

And all the souls that she had let through They clung to her dress and hair. Until the burden that she brought forth Was heavy as she could bear. The first who stopped her upon her way. Was a maiden all fair to see.
And "Sister, your load is great," she said,
"So give it. I pray, to me.

"Mary, I am: God sent me forth That you to vour love might go." The woman she drew the naid's robe aside, And a cloven hoof did show.

"And I will not give it to you," she said, Quick grasping her burden tight: And all the souls that surrounded her Clung closer in dire affright. The next who stopped her upon her way Was an angel with sword affame. "The Lord has sent for your load," he said, "St. Michael it is my name."

The woman drew back his gown of white, And the cloven hoof did see. Ob. God, he with me to-night!" she said, "For bitter my sorrows be.

"And I will not give it to you," said she, And wept full many a tear. And all the souls that her burden made Cried out in desperate fear. The third who met her upon her way War a man with face so fair: She knell her down at his wounded feet, And the laid her burden the re.

Oh. I will give it to you, " she said, And fell in a swoon so deep, The fiving souls and their cries of loy Did not waken her from her sleep, Seven long days did her slumber last, And, ob, but her dream was sweet! She thought she swadered in God's far land, The bliss of her hopes complete. And when she woke on the seventh day.
To her love's home d d she go.
And there she met neither man nor maid.
Who ever her face did know.

And he's saw set a wedding feast, And tall by her own love a side There leaned a maiden, all young and fair, Who never should be his bride.

"A drink a drink, my little page boy, A drink I do pray you bring." A drink I do pray you bring." She took the goblet up in her hand, And dropped in her golden ring. He who would marry, my little page.

I p ay he may drink with me.

To the old true love that he has forgot,
And this must his toasting be."

When her false lover had got the cup He drained it both deep and dry. To my draid love that I meurned as long, And I would that she now were nigh. He took from the cup the golden ring. And he turned it in his hand. He sa d. "Whoever has sent this charm I cannot her power withstand."

"Oh, she is wears, and sad, and old,"
The little page boy reylied.
But Dermod strede through the startled guests,
And stood by his own love's side,

He took her up in his two strong arms.
And "Have you come home?" he said "Twite seven long years I mourned you well As stlent among the dead." He kiserd her twice on her faded cheek,

And thrice on her snow white hair.

"And this is my own true wife," he said

To the guests who gathered there. "Oh, she is withered and old," they cried,
"And her hair is pale as show."
"Tween better you took the fair young girl,
And let the sad old love go,"

I will not marry the fair young girl, No workan I wed but this. The swe-t white rose of her cheek," said he, "shall redden beneath my kiss."

"There is no beauty in all the land.
Who can with her face compare."
He led her up to the table head,
and set her beside him there. DORA SIGHRSON SHORYER. MANY GOING TO EUROPE

STRAMSHIP AGENTS SATISFIED WITH THE OUTLOOK.

Transatlantic Travel Promises to Be Up to the Average This Season-People Who Are Going Over This Year in Anticipa.

tion of the Paris Exposition of 1900 About this time of the year the agents for the various steamship companies begin to look over their early figures on the prospects for transatiantic travel through the season. Some times these figures considerably underestimate the reality; sometimes, but less often, ther overestimate it. This year the amount of travel

is going to be well in advance of what the

transatiantic line agents reckoned on.

This does not mean, however, that it will be a record-breaking year by any means; simply that the estimates, based on the coming of the Paris Exposition next year, had looked to a season of light travel this year. Now it ap-pears that the travel will be about up to the average; pretty nearly the same as that of 1897, which was a good season, and largely in advance of 1898, which was a pretty bad one, owing to the war, which kept many Americans at home through motives of patriotism and many others through motives of fear. The war slump in transatiantic travel has its reaction this year in the number of people who postponed their visit to Europe for a twelvemonth, and this serves to offset the number of those who might have gone this year except for the coming of the Paris Exposition, with its special inducements, in 1900. On the whole, the agents of the different lines express themselves as well satisfied with the outlook thus far. The superintendent of one of the large tourist agencies sums up the case thus:
"In our line of travel, which runs to the com-

fortable but not extremely expensive accom-

modations, this is going to be a better season than we had dared to hope. Of course last year was dead. Normally, this year ought to show an increase over a normal year, because of those who stayed at home in 1898. On the other hand, we have a world's exposition in the near future to reckon upon, and that, we supposed, would make business dull this summer. So the early outlook was not particu-larly encouraging. But this Paris Exposition matter shows an aspect that we hadn't figured on. We find a large number of people, the kind who won't die without having gone over once in their lives and who have lay aside money for a long time before they can afford to travel with even reasonable comfort, deciding to take their trip this summer because they very cleverly figure that 1900 is going to be a very expensive time to travel, as it undoubtedly will be. Then, of course, everything will be crowded, both on the steamship lines and in the hotels on the other side, where the Frenchmen will be out for every Amerfean dollar they can lay their hands on. To meet a possible slump in travel this season many of the lines have reduced their rates for the less expensive accommodations, which is an added inducement to the class of travellers of which I speak to get started at once.

"It's been a good year for the Western farmer, and that counts. He wants to see Europe, or if he doesn't his wife and daughters do, and this is where they see their grand chance. Being by nature thrifty, he foresees the rise of prices that will characterize the Paris Exposition-perhaps he has already had practical experience at the World's Fair in Chicago—and it's now or never with him. There's going to be a very considerable exodus from the middle West; in fact, it's well under way already. One feature of this summer's travel is that it shows a northern tendency. An unusual number of Americans are going to make Norway and Sweden and Russia their objective point. There seams to be a particular increase of interest recently manifested toward Russia, and one will probably be able to run across Americans all over the Czar's dominions this summer."

At the offices of the various steamship lines the officials were sanguine of a good year, in most cases. One of the officials of the Interna-tional Navigation Company said: "Everything looks favorable for a prosperous season on both our lines. Last year, you know, the American line was out of business and our ships were chasing Spaniards for the Government. I think the travel will show a slight increase over that of 1897, which was an exceptionally heavy season. The cut in rates doesn't amount to much in the high class travel. Our rates for June are the same as last year. Already our most expensive accommodations are pretty well sold out up to July, so it looks like good business all through the season.

Mr. Cortis of the White Star line said: numbers of last year, when the war kept people at home, but we didn't look for an increase over 1897. Nevertheless we are going to do more business, I believe, than we did two years ago. All the steamship people were doubtful as to the effect of next year's exposition on this year's travel, but that works in two ways. While many persons will stay at home this year to go over in 1900, on the other hand the crowd-hating element will go now to avoid the great rush. It's a very high class of travel this season, and the highest priced accommodations are the ones that are selling the fastest. Those are the ones, too, that are not affected by the out in rates. The Teutonic, which sailed on April 10 was well filled and all the best rooms were aken. If all the people who say they are going next year actually go, there will be such a rush for accommodations as has never been

een before." There was a similar spirit of cheerfulness ver the outlook at the Cunard line office, Our bookings are heavy for the future " said the official to whom the reporter talked, "and we've started out well already, so we anticipate a good season; quite up to the normal, in fact, despite the coming exposition which has cost us some misgivings as to this year. All classes of travel are running about normally with us. The cut in rates hasn't affected the higher class of accommodations in any way, so there is no effect on that account. The only change in rates is such that those who travel cheaply can travel more cheaply than usual." More than any other line sailing from this

port the French line feels the hold-off this year or the coming Paris Exposition. Notwithstanding this, its managers expect to do a fair amount of carrying. The official in charge of the booking said: "It will be a calm year, as we expected. Next year we expect a very heavy travel to make up for it. Of course, much of our travel from this port is made up of Frenchmen going back home for a visit, and all of these will wait until next year, when Paris will be the centre of the universe. Our

Paris will be the centre of the universe. Our cut in rates has benefited the steerage passengers mainly as they can now, for a very slight increase in expense over former steerage rates, go second cabin. From the bookings thus far I should say that, while we will not do a heavy business this year, it will be an increase over that of last year."

The North German Lloyd people announced a prospect of lively travel and said: "There will be a great deal of travel this year that stayed at home last year. This will be in some measure offset by the poople who are waiting for the Paris Exposition, and that in turn will be modified by the exodus of those who want to escape the crowd and the increased expense of travel in a world's exposition senson. On the whole, our bookings show that the season will be a good one in all classes of travel."

Our Interes ing Volcano Again Obliges.

From the San Franc son Chromicle.

From the San Froncesco Chromicle.

Honolulu, April 5.—Guests at the Volcano House were startled on March 23 by foud rumbilings coming from the direction of the volcano, from the crater of which great clouds of dust and smoke were issuing.

A party started without delay to make an investigation and found on examination that the extreme bottom of the deep pit in the central of the crater had disappeared, leaving a black well of apparently 150 feet in diameter, the bottom of which cannot be seen. From time to time heavy landsides from the sides of the pit would take place with a loud rumbiling, and the rock and debris would disappear into what seemed to be literally the bottomicss pit. Dense clouds of sulphurous smoke and vapor are pouring out of the bottom and sides of the pit from cracks extending for a quarter of a mile outside and south of the pit. Attempts were made to measure the distance to the mouth of the well, where has been the bottom of the pit, but a 300-foot line would not reach half way down. The best estimates placed it at about 800 feet.